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When Solid Iron Floats.
Experiments have shown that if a ball of solid iron be lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork, but that in a few seconds it will leave the prongs and rise to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.—St. Louis Republic.

The Champion.
"By the way," continued the near sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?"
"It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the fireman is entitled to it."

COMING TO
O'Neill, Nebraska.
The eminent physician on chronic diseases will visit our city

Sunday, October 30, 1910.
And will be at the Merchants Hotel until 5 p. m., one day ONLY.

Dr. Potter, president of the staff of the Boston Electro Medical Institute, is making a tour of the state.

He will give consultation, examination, and all the medicines necessary to complete a cure FREE. All parties taking advantage of this offer are requested to state to their friends the result of the treatment.

Cures DEANEFS by an entirely new process.

Treats all curable cases of catarrh, throat and lung diseases, eye and ear, stomach liver and kidneys, gravel, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, nervous and heart disease, epilepsy, Bright's disease and disease of the bladder, blood and skin diseases, and big neck and stammering cured.

Piles and rupture cured without detention from business.

Asthma cured in a short time
If you are improving under your family physician do not take up our valuable time. The rich and the poor are treated alike. Idlers and curiosity seekers will please stay away. Our time is valuable.

Remember, NOT A PENNY will be charged for the medicine required to make a cure of all those taking treatment this trip. Office hour 9 a. m.

Positively married ladies must be accompanied by their husbands. Remember the date, Sunday, October 30th, Merchants Hotel, O'Neill, Neb.

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Regular Meals -:- Short Orders
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In Line of Eatables Is the Best Ever

We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

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AMBASSADORS.

They Enjoy Some Curious Privileges at European Courts.

In the popular mind—the American mind at least—there is very little difference between an ambassador and a minister, but the former is entitled to very many privileges abroad that are denied to a mere envoy.

For instance, one curious privilege of an ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure, generally speaking, is as follows:

When the audience is at an end the ambassador waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But when the reigning sovereign is a woman, still polluter methods obtain. To turn his back would be discourteous; to walk backward would be to resign a privilege; therefore the ambassador retires sideways like a crab. He keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other he endeavors to find the door. By this unique means he contrives to evade all politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retain one of his privileges.

Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors, both of which must be flung wide for him. No one save an ambassador can claim this privilege, the most any non-ambassadorial individual can expect is that one of the doors shall be opened to him.

One privilege appertaining to the ambassador, one capable of causing great inconvenience to the ruler, is the right of demanding admission to the sovereign at any hour of day or night. This was one of the reasons why Abdul Hamid, when sultan of Turkey, opposed the raising of our mission at Constantinople to an embassy. It was decidedly inconvenient at times to see the American representative at all.

To the European the most important feature of the ambassador's makeup is his sword. There the blade of the sword is a rapier blade with the point blunted. It has been facetiously observed abroad that the use of the sword is put in addition to its trick of tripping up its wearer is usually the harmless one of poking fires. One diplomatist was said to file his bills on his sword when it was not otherwise engaged, and for a long while it was a standing witticism of the corps diplomatique in Europe that the Russian ambassadors used their swords to file broken treaties, a circumstance that was held to account for the inordinate length of their weapons.—Harper's Weekly.

Emmet's Presence of Mind.
A story is told of Robert Emmet which proves his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote, chalk. Timid men would have torn at the bell, roused all the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but, stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

Queen Elizabeth's Amulet.
Queen Elizabeth during her last illness wore around her neck a charm made of gold which had been bequeathed to her by an old woman in Wales, who declared that so long as the queen wore it she would never be ill. The amulet, as was generally the case, proved of no avail, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding her faith in the charm, not only sickened, but died. During the plague in London people wore amulets to keep off the dread destroyer. Amulets of arsenic were worn near the heart. Quills of quicksilver were hung around the neck and also the powder of toads.

No Swelling at All.
"I see not one ripple on the water. All is calmness," said the little German lady, looking out dreamily over the quiet sea. "I had crossed the ocean when it was calm like this all the way over."

"Do you mean that there was no swell even in midocean?" asked her companion, who had never crossed at all.

"No, no swelling at all," was the reply.—New York Press.

Wherein They Differ.
Jack—Widows are wiser than maids in one respect at least. Tom—What's the answer? Jack—They never let a good chance go by, thinking that a better one will come their way.—Chicago News.

In Mitigation.
Judge—Hoss thief, you're found guilty by the jury. Have y' anything to say as to why I shouldn't soak y' th' limit? Prisoner—Well, judge, it wasn't your hoss I stole.—Cleveland Leader.

Well Qualified.
"Why do you apply for a position as boss of this gang? Have you ever had any experience?"
"Bossed my son after he grew up."—Buffalo Express.

Procrastination is one of the most expensive forms of happiness.—Life.

Bringing Her Round.
Bingo (dripping into his wife's room, in a whisper)—I've brought three friends home to dinner unexpectedly.
Mrs. Bingo (aghast)—What?
Bingo—Yes, I have. They're down stairs.
Mrs. Bingo—You wretch!
Bingo—Now, my dear, I couldn't get out of it.
Mrs. Bingo (haughtily)—Then you'll have to take the consequences.
Bingo—But—
Mrs. Bingo—You'll have to put up with practically nothing.
Bingo—That's what I told them.
Mrs. Bingo—You did?
Bingo—Yes. I told them that they needn't expect a single thing; that we'd scrape round in the kitchen if necessary and pick up whatever we could and that, as I hadn't let you know, that was the best we could do.
Mrs. Bingo—What did you tell them that for?
Bingo—It's the truth, isn't it?
Mrs. Bingo—Certainly not. As if it makes any difference to me how many friends you bring home! I'll show you!—London Tit-Bits.

Little Known Republics.
Within the domain of the United States on the North American continent there have been divers independent republics, says Mary W. Hazeltine in Harper's Magazine, the very name of three of which is known to but a few. How many Americans of today have heard, for example, of the commonwealth of Watauga, which in 1772 was organized as an independent community by North Carolinians who had crossed the Alleghenies and, descending into the basin of the Tennessee, had made themselves homes in the valley of the Watauga river? How many remember the commonwealth of Transylvania, which was organized in the eastern part of what is now Kentucky in 1775 and which sent to the Continental congress a delegate, who, however, was not admitted? How many have heard of the short lived state of Franklin, or Frankland, which at a somewhat later period was self created out of certain western counties of North Carolina?

A Remarkable Concert.
A Carlisle letter calls attention to a remarkable concert which took place at the Spa on Aug. 6, 1812, a program of which is still preserved in the city archives at that place. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire which had laid waste Baden and took place at the Saechischer Saal. The only performers were Beethoven and Polledro, who played their own compositions. There were two pianoforte and two violin solos and several numbers in which both took part, says the writer. The account of the entertainment also mentions the fact that one of the interested listeners was a "tall, elderly man, wearing a great blue coat, who sat perfectly erect throughout the performance, never looking anywhere but at the stage. This was Goethe." The amount realized for the fund was about \$200. The letter ends with, "Beethoven at the piano for charity and box receipts \$200."

A Dog's Tongue.
Have you ever wanted to know why a dog's tongue lolls out of his mouth on a hot day or when he has been running? People sometimes say that it is because he is thirsty, but that isn't exactly right. If you look at it you will see little drops of water dripping from it. Well, you know that when you get very warm you get covered with perspiration. The dog's body never perspires. When he gets hot all the moisture comes out through his tongue, and as the moisture on the tongue dries up the dog's body cools.—Philadelphia Press.

How He Took It.
"In training," said an instructor in athletics, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after eighteen years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world."
"Dash," I once said to him, "well, Dash, old man, how do you take married life?"
"According to directions," he replied.

The Sixth Sense.
In a primary school examination over which I once had the pleasure to preside one of the questions was with regard to the five senses. One of the bright pupils handled the subject thus: "The five senses are sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning and coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring." — Woman's Home Companion.

Merely a Question of Comfort.
"Now, doctor," complained a bilious patient, "my great trouble is elephants—ink ones. Not that I object to elephants, you understand. I like them, but they do crowd one so."—Success Magazine.

Kindness.
Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall.

Hearing the Silence.
Little Phyllis was at a concert. The leader rapped, and the buzz of conversation ceased. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed Phyllis, "listen to the hush!"—Exchange.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

Remarkable Violin Test.
An ingenious test of old and new violins, in which an instrument of modern make was voted the finest, has been made in Paris. During the performance both critics and performers were in complete darkness, so that it was impossible to see which one of the seven violins selected for the test was being played. Then immediately after being used the instrument was placed under a cloth, and the lights were turned on for a few moments to enable the critics to write down the votes. All the violins were played by two musicians of high standing, and the compositions were written especially for the test. The two violinists tried to bring out the best in each violin, and the result, decided by the votes, was interesting. The modern make of violin led the list with 102 votes, and its nearest rival for favor was a Stradivarius with 96 votes. Other old and famous makes of violins received 82, 85, 83, 82 and 80.—London Telegraph.

Tender Hearted Maid.
Once upon a time there lived a child of gentle mien and manners mild; she was so tender and so kind she wept to see window blind. She feared it might give the window pain to leave it standing in the rain. Her maiden aunt she would beg not to stone raisins, beat an egg, or from potatoes take the eyes. Oh, how this maid did agonize! And when she saw her whipping cream with horror she would sob and scream. The very thought of killing time appeared to her a dreadful crime, and, though to music she inclined, to beat a measure seemed unkind. To see the cowslip by the river with apprehension made her shiver; to cut a page or turn it down would cause a deprecating frown. And when she saw them shivering in the chill autumn air she knitted stockings for the trees because their limbs were bare. Her heart so oft with anguish wrung caused this poor maid to die quite young.—Widow.

Sensitive to Art.
Said the art gallery guide, "Just watch the crowd awhile and see which of their antics impresses you most."
Presently the visitor said, "I think it is the queer attitudes so many of them strike."
"Exactly," said the guide. "They are imitating the poses of the figures in the portraits. Anybody who sits for a portrait is supposed to strike a graceful attitude. All these people who have never been painted realize the grace there is in the pose of the head, the turn of the wrist, the slope of the shoulders. They wish they could look like that, and unconsciously they try it. The men are as bad as the women. They straighten up; they droop; they tilt their heads; they arrange their hands and feet in imitation of the figures they admire most. Sometimes their attempts are very clever; again they are simply ridiculous."—New York Times.

The Waiting Championship.
An Atchison woman who looks for good in everything is glad she married. "It has taught me patience," she said. When a girl she flew into a temper if she had to wait five minutes for something she wanted, but now she waits and waits and waits and says nothing. She waited nine years for her new front porch, six years for her husband to take her to the theater and eleven years for him voluntarily, when there was no company around, to offer her a rocking chair. "This," she said recently to a friend who heard she was sitting up half the night waiting for her husband to come home, "is nothing. I can wait longer and say less about it than any woman who ever lived. I am glad I married; otherwise I could never claim the waiting championship belt."—Atchison Globe.

Work of the Beavers.
The formation of the plateau on which Dubois is built is a matter of great curiosity. Beavers are responsible for it. Long before the white men saw that section of Pennsylvania beavers built a huge dam in a well set valley. Year by year the stream washed rich mud into the dam, and when the body of water was destroyed 640 acres of land flat as a table top were left. On this stands Dubois.—Altoona Tribune.

His Hardships.
"I suppose," said the kind lady as she handed the husky hobo a generous wedge of apple pie, "that your lot is full of hardships?"

"Dat's de proper word fer it, ma'am," replied the h. h. "In de winter wen de farmers ain't doin' nothin' but eat in' apples an' drinkin' hard cider it's too cold fer me to be tramping aroun', an' in de summer people's allers offerin' me work."—Chicago News.

Wanted It Matched.
Mrs. Pride—Jimmy, dear, would you mind doing an errand for me today? Mr. Pride—What is it? Mrs. Pride—The cook says we won't have enough chicken for dinner, so I wish you would take this bird down to the shop and see if you can get it matched.—London Mail.

Extravagant Economy.
Economy often consists in doing without something you want now in order to get something you don't want in the future.—Atlanta Journal.

A Deep One.
Doting Mother—Tell me, professor, is my son a deep student? Professor (dryly)—None deeper, ma'am. He's always at the bottom.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.—Fuller.

POLICE OF GERMANY.

Privacy of the Home No Bar to Their Far-reaching Authority.

To a foreigner no feature of German life is more striking than the prominence and almost unlimited authority of the police. Many of its functions are such as in the United States would be intrusted only to a court of law. What seems almost equally strange, the greater part of these functions are exercised quite independently of the local government.

The minuteness and thoroughness of the work of the German police are a constant surprise to the foreigner. The policeman not only preserves order in the streets, but exercises a far-reaching authority in private houses. For instance, he undertakes the nightly locking of one's street door at a sufficiently early hour. He sees that one has his chimney regularly cleaned. He inspects at stated times one's stoves and heating apparatus, and while he is about it he will look into a few other matters of domestic economy.

One feature of his activity strikes a good many American visitors with favor. In some places singing and piano playing with open windows are forbidden, and it is a common house regulation in large towns that no pianos may be played after 10 o'clock in the evening. The German policeman is also something of a food inspector in his way, and he keeps a sharp eye on vendors of food and of medicines. It is not an uncommon sight to see a German policeman halt a milkman's wagon and on the spot make an inspection of his wares. Should there prove to be anything wrong with them they are promptly seized and destroyed and the matter is immediately taken to hand by the higher authorities.—New York Press.

A BATHLESS AGE.

For a Thousand Years the People of Europe Went Unwashed.

When Egypt, Greece and Rome were at the height of their ancient power their citizens made bathing a social function, a municipal duty and a religious observance. The public baths of these nations were magnificent architectural and important as centers of hygienic and municipal sentiment.

With the decadence of these countries the world seems to have reverted to a period of mental sloth and physical uncleanness. As an authority on the matter puts it:

"For 1,000 years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath, if the historian of these times, Michelet, is to be believed. The ancient love of the bath seemed to have disappeared from off the land."

"There was no Greece or Rome to hold up the ensign of cleanliness to the nations of Europe. Small wonder that the people of the continent became physical decadents, as indeed they were in spite of tradition to the contrary."

"It is not strange that there came the awful epidemics that cut off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, the sweating sickness and the terrible mental epidemics that followed in their train—the dancing mania, the mewing mania and the biting mania."

"The bath was banished and filth was almost deified. Indeed, it was then thought that the sanctification of the body was only accomplished when that body was indescribably dirty."—Physical Culture.

An Island of Black Cats.
"The Island of Black Cats" is a name often applied to Chatham Island, one of the Galapagos. It is in the Pacific ocean, about 730 miles west of the coast of Ecuador. It is overrun with black cats, and cats of no other color are seen there. These animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation near the coast and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats and mice. Other animals found on this island are horses, cattle, dogs, goats and chickens, all of which are perfectly wild.

A Startling Reply.
"It is very detrimental to the conversation if you play bridge while talking. A gentleman once entered a room and walked up to a lady who was deeply engrossed in correcting her score. 'How d'ye do, Mrs. So-and-so?' he exclaimed. 'I have just met your children with the nurse. By the way, how many have you got?'
"The lady looked up and replied, 'Sixteen above and twenty-four below.'—From 'The Confessions of a Bridge Player,' by Quilon.

How Stupid!
Mrs. Jones (reading)—It says here that a nautical mile is 6,080 feet and a statute mile is only 5,280 feet. Why is that? I thought a mile was a mile.

Mr. Jones (without looking up from his paper)—Well, a mile is a mile, but a statute mile is measured on dry land, while a nautical mile is measured on the water, and you know most things swell when in water.

Mrs. Jones (resuming her reading)—Why, of course! How stupid!—Ladies' Home Journal.

How It Looked.
"Why don't you eat your caviare?" asked the host.
"Didn't know it was to eat," replied Broncho Bob. "I thought there had been an accident and the cook spilled the bird shot."—Washington Star.

Domestic Bliss.
Mrs. Henpeck (with newspaper)—It says here that buttermilk will extend one's life to over a hundred. Henpeck (wearily)—If I was a bachelor, I'd take to drinking it.—Boston Transcript.